

and much of the contents was poured out into the water.

Jim—when his box was recovered and placed on the wheels again—was obliged to go into the half-breed's shack, to dry his clothes and get some hot tea, before proceeding on his way: but Phil, though as wet as a drowned rat, would not delay, but had himself put across in the scow at once to join May. He saw how agitated she was, and his whole thought was to calm her nerves by making a joke of the whole matter. Walking as quickly as May was capable of, they reached the Red House, to find Mrs. Dent somewhat better, though Widow Barnlow was still anxious and busy in devising means for her relief.

Phillip stayed to do such "chores," or odd jobs, as the men of a household always do in the North-West; above all, he gave his best attention to poor Dapple, with old Jock's assistance. His wet clothes had dried upon him, and he would not attend to them at the Red House. He bade good-bye to May, with a fervent hope that her mother would soon be restored to health. "I know what it is to be anxious about a good mother," he said, with feeling: "and mind you send for me whenever I can be of any use, Miss May."